

Runaway 321

Chapter 321

James told him, "200 millions."

Ian's lips twitched, and he really wanted to curse right then.

That was a lot of money.

James then added, "I know it's just pocket change to Light Group."

Ian was speechless-the Light Group of the present actually did not have that much money. They had already emptied their coffers for that last 80 million dollar injection!

Nonetheless, he could not afford to tell James that he did not have the money for appearance's sake. There would be more trouble if he did, and word of that somehow reached Light Group's board members.

"Give me some time."

He had an idea-there were several Light Group projects that were still underway, and he could divert the capital from those projects to Eastdawn.

He certainly had no intention of giving up halfway on Eastdawn since this was his first project. Moreover, they had an agreement, and the second injection was basically agreed upon.

Hence, he began to make the calls to sell off their projects.

Fortunately, they soon found a buyer-Remy, a foreign company, was willing to acquire the projects, while paying them the full amount for it.

To ensure that they were not trading with a shell company or getting swindled, Ian even did some research online.

It appeared that the company was registered in Franconia, and though it was just founded three years ago, it had already garnered significant fame. It seemed that those in the business had heard about their mysterious CEO, who was known for his exceptional insight-any projects he invested in always turned out to be money-makers, with a network project he invested in two years ago now raking in tremendous profits every year since. The company's revenue was going nowhere but up, and they were starting to branch out into other industries, including showbiz, lifestyle products, networking, multimedia technology, medicine... each of which were bringing in significant revenue as well.

Ian decided that they were reliable, and reached out to them through an intermediary, selling off two of the best projects that Light Group had left.

Once Remy wired the 300 million dollar payment over, Ian transferred the 200 million that James had asked for to the man immediately.

The instant that was done, Ian gave him a call. "No more setbacks."

James glanced at Isaac who was sitting behind his desk, and said, "Yes, you have nothing to worry about.

This will be the last."

He added emphasis on the last part and hung up.

Turning back to Isaac, he said, "That was Ian."

Isaac had actually heard it, but he did not appear pleased.

Instead, he remained placid and indifferent, leaning back on his chair and appearing relaxed.

Everything was going according to plan.

He knew better than everyone on whatever Light Group had left, and after Ian had sold off the two projects that could have sustained them, he had cut off any chance of his survival.

"Continue as planned. I'll have Stan Hill head to the headquarters soon," he said.

"Of course. It's the final phase anyway," James replied.

And the final phase would squeeze Ian dry, taking away any moveable assets he had left.

At the same time, Isaac narrowed his eyes.

Perhaps it was time to make Quincy aware of Kathy's presence.

"You can handle that," he told James, his eyes darkening like a bottomless abyss just then.

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson," James answered and left the study, inadvertently running into someone who was coming in!

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"Sorry." James quickly apologized, and when he looked up to see that it was Irene, he quickly greeted her, "Oh-hello, Mrs. Jefferson."

Irene was left confused, since she had no idea who he was.

How did he know who she was, even addressing her as 'Mrs. Jefferson'?

He seemed older than her, too....

"And you are...?"

"James Cross," he replied. "I've been stationed overseas before this, and just returned to the country."

He was an unfamiliar face-in fact, Isaac had asked him to return because not many would recognize him. He had been working at the Remy headquarters in Franconia since its founding, and actually outranked Stan.

Naturally, he was superior to Stan in ability as well, or Isaac would not have left him in charge of the Remy headquarters.

"I was just having a short discussion with Mr. Jefferson, but I will get going now," Remy added, unsure if Irene understood.

All Irene knew was that it was business, and that he was just one of Isaac's key helpers whom he was acquainted with.

Smiling politely, she said. "I see. You should go about your business then."

James nodded and left.

Soon after James left Isaac's mansion, Quincy received an email.

Presuming it to be some official document, she clicked on it to find that it was footage of Greg in bed with a woman.

The woman's face could not be seen, but the detail on Greg's face was clear, and it was obvious that they were joined at the hip.

After being with him for so long. Quincy knew Greg from head to toe, and could see right away that it was him.

It was too much for her, and she passed out right then.

The servants had to take her to the hospital, but she stormed home immediately when she regained consciousness.

Greg, whose conscience had been eating at him since his affair, had bought Quincy a diamond necklace. to make amends!

When he saw Quincy come home, he grinned. "Wanna guess what I got for you?"

However, Quincy's hands had clenched into shaking fists at her sides.

She knew that men could be fickle and would always prefer novelties. Still, after spending so many years with him, she had come to believe that Greg would not betray her-that he genuinely loved her, and that she did not have to scheme to retain his affection.

After all, they spent most of their lives together.

Only for this to happen!

She was certainly repulsed-there was nothing more repulsive than a cheating husband!

Meanwhile, Greg was still cheerfully bringing that exquisitely wrapped gift box to her when he finally saw that her cheeks were pale.

"Are you tired?" he asked in concern. "You don't look too good. Why don't we go to the hospital-"

Before he could finish, Quincy slapped him across the face with every bit of strength she could muster!

A thunderous smack seemed to echo in the room!

Greg was left stunned for a moment, but soon his eyes turned red. "What are you doing, Quincy?!"

Did she just really hit his face?!

A man's face is his pride-and Greg was certainly a prideful man!

Nonetheless, Quincy laughed icily. "You know very well what you did!"

Greg flinched in guilt, but quickly snapped, "What are you talking about?! What did I do? I just bought you this necklace--"

"To make up for cheating on me with some whore?!"

Quincy was a proud woman but as she was now overwhelmed with pain and anguish, she burst into tears. "I did everything, and sacrificed everything for this family, our son, and you! And you repaid me by having an affair?!"

Raving, she grabbed Greg by the collar, unable to care how she looked just then as she demanded, "How could you do this to me?!"

Greg knew right then that his affair with Kathy was exposed.

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Even so, Greg remained composed. "I'm just playing around..."

"Playing around?" Quincy's face paled further. "Maybe I should play around with other men, too!"

Greg glowered. "That's out of line. You just hit me but I did nothing. Did you think you could just slap a man like that?"

Quincy dropped to crouch just then, and she began to bawl hysterically.

She was out of line?

Pain, anguish and spite was overwhelming her-she wanted nothing less than to pick up a knife and shank Greg right then!

On the other hand, Greg's patience was already gone.

Moreover, Quincy looked horrid when she was in his face, and now that she was sobbing, he watched her while feeling no sympathy, but just cool disgust instead.

Having no mood to coax her and knowing that it would not go well anyway, Greg simply let reality sink into her. "Still crying at your age? Aren't you worried Ian would see you like this when he comes home?"

Also, you don't have to worry-I still want you and this family. I'll be back when I've played enough."

Quincy laughed beside herself.

He was coming back when he had had enough? What did he take her for?!

"You're actually concerned if Ian knows? Your brazenness knows no bounds! Do you even care what our son would think of you if he knew?"

Greg was naturally not worried-Ian knew anyway, and he told her as much. "He knows."

“W-What?!” Quincy was left clutching her chest. It felt as if something was stuck there, and she could not breathe!

Ian knew, but never told her?!

It was not just her husband... Her own son betrayed her too?!

Her face turned green, once again losing her breath and passing out.

Greg was exasperated.

He had been loyal his entire life, and had only had one affair! Did she have to overreact like this?

Still, he did not abandon her. Seeing that she had stayed with him for over half their lives, he carried her, ready to take her to the hospital.

Nonetheless, he ran into Ian, who had just returned, at the door.

Seeing Quincy unconscious, Ian asked, “What happened to Mom?”

“Nerves,” Greg grunted in annoyance.

“I don’t think so...” Ian knew that Quincy would not fight Greg over nothing, and saw the red palm print on Greg’s face just then.

He quickly came to a realization. “She found out?”

Not bothering to explain, Greg simply walked past him.

Ian was frustrated, but Quincy’s health mattered more at the moment, and quickly returned to his car since he was still holding his car keys. “Take mine.”

Quincy soon regained consciousness at the hospital.

The doctor determined that she had simply passed out from excessive stress, and since it was bad for her heart, the doctor insisted that she not be agitated again.

However, there was no way she could stay calm!

“Mom...” Ian began.

“You knew?” Quincy asked before he could finish.

“...Yeah, Ian answered feebly.

Quincy’s face turned pale again, and she pointed a trembling finger at Ian. “And you didn’t tell me? Do you think what your father is doing is right?!”

“No!” Ian quickly explained. “I ran into him at the mall with this woman, but I didn’t say because I didn’t want to affect your health. Of course I know what Dad did was wrong! It’s terrible what he did to you!”

Quincy felt better since her son was on her side, at least. However, her temper soon flared again when she noticed that Greg had taken that woman to the mall, and the grief from being betrayed would not have subsided so quickly anyway!

“At the mall?” Quincy leveled a sharp look at Greg. “What did you buy for her?”

Greg glared at his son, thinking how poor he was with words just then.

“Nothing-

“Admit it already!” Quincy had launched a pillow at him before he could finish, hitting him squarely.

Scowling, Greg growled, “Fine, if you’re so interested in knowing, I won’t hide it-I took her to so many stores and bought her so many things. Hell, I spend so much on her because she is young, beautiful, kind, and understanding! She’s a million times better than you. Satisfied?!”

“What... You...”

Quincy was choking!

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Ian quickly clapped Quincy on the back to ease her breathing. “Come on, Mom. He’s just having a lapse in judgment-he’ll come around.”

However, even if Greg were to break up with that woman right now, Quincy still felt sick to the stomach, She was too prideful for something like this to happen to her.

But it had already happened, and there was nothing that she could do about it.

Taking deep breaths to calm herself as much as possible, she snapped, “Tell us! Who is that woman?!”

She was certainly eager to see whom she had lost to so utterly.

Bzzt-

While Greg was feeling a little meek just then, his phone started ringing in his pocket.

As both Quincy and Ian stared at him, Greg felt annoyed-it was as if he had committed a cardinal sin. He was just having an affair, for goodness’ sake!

“Is it that big of a deal, when a man of my worth has a woman on the side?” he growled before leaving the room.

While Quincy was left at a loss for words, Ian was furious with Greg’s behavior as well!

However, he could not leave, since he was worried that Quincy would pass out with no one tending to her. “Don’t worry, Mom. I’m on your side,” he said, giving her hand a squeeze.

He was her only hope now, and she held on tightly to his hand. "You have to do your best with Light Group. That way, I would have one over your dad and don't have to be given grief. That man really hurt me!

"I know," Ian said, trying his best to assure her.

Meanwhile, Greg headed to the staircase to answer his phone after leaving the ward.

"Didn't I tell you not to call me unless it's very important?" He growled, feeling very annoyed just then because of the mess with Quincy.

Nonetheless, Kathy purred from the other end, "I'm pregnant, Greg... I have to tell you because you already have a family, and you definitely wouldn't want me to keep the baby. Don't worry-I'm heading to the hospital to get an abortion. I'm young, so I'll recover soon enough..."

"What...?" Greg thought he was hearing things. "You're pregnant?"

Before Kathy could answer, he barked, "Stop! Don't get an abortion-no matter how young you are, an abortion will hurt you. Don't go to the hospital, just stay put. I'll come to you!"

"Okay," Kathy murmured.

After hanging up, Greg promptly dashed past Quincy's ward without stopping, since he wanted to see Kathy right away.

Quincy saw him, and her heart was left in pieces. "Ian, find out who that woman is. I want to know everything about her."

"I'll get somebody too-"

"Now!" Quincy snapped, cutting him short.

She was clearly not in control!

It was so obvious that Greg was bewitched, and she wanted to know who that witch was right away!

Ian had to do as he was told right then, and he was certainly efficient-he had been keeping tabs ever since he caught Greg with Kathy at the mall, making things much easier.

And as he passed the dossier on Kathy to Quincy, Quincy's eyes widened so much they could pop out of their sockets!

Noticing that, Ian asked, "Mom, do you know her?"

Quincy chortled icily. "Know her? Hah!"

"What do you mean?"

Ian was left confused just then, but Quincy was not about to go into detail.

Getting off her bed, she growled, "I want to see her right now."

Ian did not stop her-it was obvious he could not anyway.

Chapter 325

Ian was weary in spirit. Light Group was a mess, and now his family was too.

He felt as humiliated as he was helpless.

Nonetheless, he drove Quincy to Greg and Kathy's love nest.

Quincy was repressing her rage to stop herself from flipping out again, but she was failing. Greg's mistress had to be Kathy, and he even arranged for her to stay in a luxury apartment!

Meanwhile, Greg took Kathy to the hospital for an ultrasound, which only proved that Kathy was pregnant. Greg was certainly pleased—although he already had Ian, he thought a single child was not enough and he wanted a daughter.

However, Quincy protested, stating that she would lose her perfect figure with multiple pregnancies, insisting that one son was enough.

Since he was already quite old, he was certainly overjoyed that Kathy had his child. Who else at his age would have an expecting partner?

In fact, he felt young once again to have a child, as he rediscovered passion from Kathy. His life before suddenly seemed to be stale, and he was earnestly happy to be with Kathy in contrast to Quincy's stern

control over him.

Kathy was vibrant and was dependent on him, allowing him to reclaim his masculine dignity.

They returned to her apartment, his arm around her waist, only to find Quincy waiting at the door.

She would have lunged forward and slapped Kathy with murderous intent, but she stayed calm just then.

Violence would not work—she needed to make Greg sick of Kathy, so that he would dump that shameless whore.

"You cheated on me, Greg, and that's a fact. Divorcing at our age would only make us everyone's laughing stock... but does it really have to be her? Getting second hand goods only demeans yourself and the family."

Greg, however, was on cloud nine at the moment—he certainly would not stand for Quincy insulting Kathy, and quickly shot back, "What are you doing here? Can't you just stay at home?! Also, Kathy has done nothing to you, so stop insulting her... and second hand goods? She's plenty chaste!"

Kathy smugly pushed herself into his arms like a startled kitten. "Greg, I'm scared..."

Greg put a hand around her shoulder. "It's fine. I'm here."

Quincy was speechless. Their response almost killed her!

“Why don’t you tell him yourself, Kathy? Are you really chaste?” she demanded, having lost all composure and propriety.

It was difficult to do the right thing when a person was not calm, just like the current situation: Greg was clearly on Kathy’s side and not interested with what Quincy had to say, but Quincy stayed there stubborn, trying to humiliate her.

If Quincy had actually calmed down, she might have noticed Kathy was actually being smart unlike before. However, with her anger getting the better of her, Quincy was not going to cool off and actually think.

“Please don’t be so mean... And Greg knows if I’m chaste, Kathy purred from Greg’s arms, appearing delicate and afraid.

However, she was also leveling Quincy a provoking glare.

Quincy knew very well how Kathy lost her chastity, and Kathy is now feeling cathartic of getting her payback!

Also, thank goodness Stan took her for hymenorrhaphy. Greg was now dead sure that he had deflowered

her!

Now, Quincy’s questioning Kathy’s chastity therefore simply sounds like she was spitting slander, which only disgusted Greg further.

At the same time, Kathy’s vulnerability and dependency invoked Greg’s protectiveness, and he was glaring at Quincy in response.

She had never ever lost this thoroughly, and it felt like she could blow up!

“Would you swear to it?” she growled nonetheless.

In reality, Kathy did not fear her at all now that Greg had her back.

In fact, he was going to do her bidding now, because she was really pregnant!

“Why do I have to swear?” she asked, keeping up her delicate, innocent act.

And Greg bought her act—hook, line, and sinker!

“Leave already. Don’t bother Kathy—the doctor insisted that her baby must have a stress-free environment.”

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Quincy wobbled. “She’s pregnant?!”

If Greg’s affair was already a bolt from the blue, Kathy’s pregnancy was a million times worse!

Ian, losing all control right then, suddenly punched Greg in the face.

Greg grunted dully and dropped to a crouch in pain!

Quincy froze for two seconds before quickly moving to stop her son, snapping, "What are you doing?!"

They should not come to blows no matter how upset they were!

Moreover, Greg was his father, Ian should not have raised his hand against him no matter what happened!

Masculine pride was at stake, and she did not want Greg to start despising their son.

Pulling Ian away from them in fear that things would escalate further, Quincy told Ian, "Only your grandfather can talk sense into him now."

Now, she could finally see that there was no saving Greg now.

Even Ian's cheeks were twitching with rage.

"I kill her," he growled.

Quincy did not say anything in protest, because she had the same idea.

Nonetheless, she pulled him along, worried that he would lose control while Greg was still watching." Let's just go back to the car,"

They had just sat down in the car when Ian's phone rang.

He took it out to see that it was James, and answered it.

"We have a problem."

Ian was already furious, and those words left him scowling even harder. "What?!"

"We have a problem," James repeated with perfect clarity. "I was swindled—I purchased a specific microchip with the capital you provided, but the seller went missing!"

Ian thought he would suffer a heart attack right then, and stopped short of yelling at James, "Are you an idiot?"

It was as if Murphy's law was in full effect with everything with him!

Seething, he kicked the seat in front so hard that the seat lurched forward, while the entire car shook.

Quick asked, "What's wrong? Is there trouble?"

Why else would he be so upset?!

Ian was left starting at Quincy for a while, but he decided to stay quiet.

She was already suffering in heart and mind because of Greg, and she would suffer more stress if he told her that the investment on Eastdown has gone awry.

"It's nothing. I think you should go talk to Granddad on your own—don't worry, I'll be fine here," Ian told her, trying to keep his voice as steady as possible."

Quincy therefore did not dwell on it, while Ian got out of the car, walking as he asked James, "Can we meet right now?"

"Of course," James replied.

"Where are you? I'll come to you."

"My office."

Ian stopped a taxi, gave the driver the address, and hung up.

On the other end, James was smiling faintly.

He could sense that Ian was furious as he hung up—in fact, the angrier he was, the more successful their plan would be!

He sat on his chair as he waited, leisurely spinning around and looking not at all indignant or in grief that he had been swindled.

When Ian arrived outside, he kicked the door wide open!

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Striding toward James, Ian asked sharply, "Tell me. What is going on here?"

James's expression had instantly switched from leisurely to sulking.

"Like I said, my component was in the final phase of development, and we just needed this microchip. We would have to divert much of our resources if we want to make that microchip ourselves, so that's not going to happen quickly. That's why I decided to order it from a foreign company, and we even signed an agreement so that they would sell us that patent of microchip. It's basically a monopoly, but I found out today that they're a dummy corporation! The samples they gave us were from another company—I've called the cops, though, so we just might stop them..."

"Stop them? A foreign company?" Ian breathed through clenched teeth even as he shook with rage.

"You paid them millions without doing a background check on them?"

"I did! But their setup was so elaborate, it fooled even me..."

"And do you really believe we can get our money back after all that?"

It was now very clear to Ian that it was all a set-up.

James had been swindled, and by a foreign company at that. There was no way they could apprehend them, not to mention that any previously known identities must be fake!

Where would they even start searching?

"It was all because of my oversight," James admitted.

“Did you really think that saying that would let you off the hook?” Ian growled—James caused this mess, and Ian was not about to shoulder his responsibility.

Taking a seat opposite the other man, Ian said, “Tell me. How would you make up for this?”

James hung his head for a moment and was smiling fawningly when he looked up again. “You see, I didn’t mean for this to happen...”

“I don’t want excuses.” Ian cut him short impatiently.

James made an awkward look in turn. “I’ve already bet my bottom dollar on this project. I can’t return the injection you provided either...”

“You can give me your shares if you can pay up.” Ian said, believing that he had quickly found the smartest solution. “The agreement before will also be amended, and now I’ll have 80%, and you 20%.”

That was exactly what James wanted to say, but he acted hurt and reluctant. “I can’t... Look, I can pay you back in the future, but you can’t keep cutting off my shares-”

“What do you have of value other than those shares?” Ian asked.

As James stayed silent, Ian continued. “Nothing. Right now, you can only say yes.”

“Eighty to twenty... I’m basically your wage slave, aren’t I? And considering my initial investment, I still paid the most here even after we lost that injection. You’re really squeezing me dry here...”

Ian had always wanted the component’s distribution rights for himself anyway, and so, he snapped. obstinately, “If you refuse, then pay me back the capital we lost!”

James appeared utterly desperate. “Alright, alright! I’ll sign the amended agreement, but there must be an additional clause: if I ever paid you back for your injections, we must revert to the previous fifty–fifty agreement.”

Ian thought about it and said, “Fine, but for now, this project is basically mine.”

“Fine.” James breathed through clenched teeth.

Worried that he would renege, Ian said, “I’ll have someone draft the agreement right now.”

With that, they signed a new agreement on the very same day, and Ian left Eastdawn feeling just a little better.

Finally, something had gone his way

He was certainly smug now that he basically took control over Eastdawn—with 80% of the company’s shares, his will was law in Eastdawn, while James was no more than a figurehead CEO.

However, his joy lasted for just one night.

The very next day, Eastdawn announced their bankruptcy and defaulted on truckloads of debts. Ian thought he was hearing things until he saw it on the news!

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In fact, when he saw the news, Ian told himself that it must be some company with the same name announcing its bankruptcy—and not the Eastdawn he invested in!

Certainly not after he just signed the new agreement with James last night!

He stood in front of his desk as he turned off the news, clutching his chest as he repeated to himself, “Calm down. Calm down. My investment is fine.”

After doing nothing but standing around for a long while, he finally picked up his phone to call James. No one answered.

Losing all composure just then, he headed out of his office to find out what the hell happened.

Just as he stepped out of the front door of the Light Group headquarters, he spotted Quincy nearby, rushing toward him.

“Ian, is it true that Eastdawn is bankrupt?” she asked—she had come after hearing the news too. “I’m going there to find out,” Ian said.

“I’m coming with you,” Quincy told him—this was too important.

If Eastdawn really was bankrupt, their investment would have been for nothing.

To make things worse, they might have to take responsibility for the defaults following the new agreement with James signed just yesterday!

“I’m fine on my own. You should settle the matter with Dad,” Ian said, and headed to his own car.

Quincy was left staring from behind even as anxiety seized her.

Greg’s extramarital affair, and now Eastdawn’s bankruptcy... The timing of the events somehow made it look as if they were connected.

Still, she did not have time to think—her phone was ringing with a call from Money Penny.

Henry had gotten Greg to return to Jefferson Manor, and was telling her to go as well.

“Okay,” she said, and hung up.

Just as she was about to get in her car, she spotted Kathy in a nearby cafe, sitting opposite James.

They were acquaintances?

A foreboding feeling caught her just then.

James and Kathy...

Quincy’s eyes widened, noticing the connection in an instant.

Kathy was the one who had stolen a document for her, which she used to topple Isaac. However, it turned out that Light Group was a mess, and James suddenly showed up like a heaven-sent miracle. Soon after, she discovered Greg’s affair...

Was it possible that none of it was coincidence, but a mastermind's machinations?

Meanwhile, Kathy sensed someone looking at her, and turned to see through the glass walls that Quincy was nearby.

She could not stop herself from smiling at the thought that she had utterly defeated Quincy.

Truly, one would only win when they followed the right person, and she had been right in betting on Isaac. However, she just did not know that she was a sacrificial pawn in Isaac's scheme as well!

Quincy crossed the road between her and the cafe, just as James and Kathy got up and were prepared to leave. Still, she caught them just as they stepped out, and snapped, "Everything has been your ploy, hasn't it? Is Isaac Jefferson the one behind this?"

Naturally, Quincy was certain that it was Isaac, because no one else would have such influence or would go through such lengths just to mess with her!

James gave Quincy a cool look of disdain. "Ian Jefferson signed an agreement with me just yesterday. He now holds 80% of Eastdawn shares, so he's now the main shareholder... and now, also the debtor of all the company's defaults."

Quincy wobbled, stumbling backward, and had to hold a handrail on the way to keep standing. "No, that's impossible. He's not that stupid—he wouldn't sign such an agreement for no reason..."

"Oh, he's not, but he just cares too much about making profits," James said as he straightened his already straight tie. "He was also convinced that the first injection worth 80 million dollars was not enough, so he gave me another 200 million..."

"There's no way he can do that. Light Group doesn't have that much money." Quincy was skeptical, since she was privy to the state of Light Group as well.

They were starved for money!

"He did anyway, after he sold two standing projects of Light Group for 300 million." James smirked. "But with Eastdawn's default that amounts up to a billion, the concerned departments would be confiscating and freezing all their projects and assets as we speak."

While Quincy's face turned pale, Kathy added insult to injury. "Also, your husband told me that he's going to marry me, to start a family with me and our child."

Quincy raised her hand to swipe at her.

Kathy could not react in time, but James caught Quincy's hand and flung it away. "Payback's a bitch, isn't it? You're getting your just deserts for all those monstrosities you've committed."

Quincy was shaking from head to toe, and her legs felt feeble. "Don't get so full of yourself. This isn't over yet. You haven't won..."

"No, but we are much better off." Kathy butted in just then. "Oh, and I should tell you that my baby isn't actually your husband's... Yeah. He's so obsessed with me that he wants to marry me, and he keeps

wanting more every night! As for the baby, it's a 'gift' from you, but I guess I should thank you for that, since you've also given your husband to me as well to be my baby daddy..."

The sight of all color draining from Quincy's face was certainly cathartic for Kathy, and she continued, "You should hurry home, but either way, your husband will divorce you to marry me soon enough."

"Do you really think you can marry into the Jefferson family?! Dream on!" Quincy snarled and turned to leave, but she was wobbling unsteadily.

Then, her ankle suddenly caved, and she dropped to the ground!

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Kathy snorted coldly, but James suddenly told her, "You should leave She'll be coming for you." Nonetheless, Kathy was feeling conceited just then, especially since Greg was siding with her.

"I'm not afraid," she said, and walked over to Quincy, gloating in her face "Greg has been calling you a hag, but from where I'm standing, that's being too kind, because you are a heinous bitch You used me to save your son, but I got nothing for it, and even lost my chastity because of that! This is what you deserve!

As she ranted, she kicked Quincy as hard as she could. "I'll make sure you lose everything, just you wait! You're the reason I can't be with Isaac Jefferson, so I make sure Greg dumps you and ensure that you're penniless, so that you can wander the streets like a cockroach, trampled by everyone."

On the other hand, James was well aware of Quincy's savagery, and Kathy's ramblings would not end well for Kathy herself.

Even so, he did not stop Kathy—he simply sighed as he watched Kathy do whatever he wanted, seemingly having predicted a gruesome end.

After all, there was no way Quincy would let her live now.

Meanwhile, Kathy was not about to pass on the chance to humiliate Quincy, and though she left after more rants and ramblings, she did not appear satisfied.

This was the first time Quincy had ever felt so humiliated and devastated.

It took her another hour to finally reach Jefferson Manor.

Her tardiness had left Greg impatient, and he was ready to leave when she arrived.

Even Henry was upset as well. "Where have you been? What took you so long?"

Quincy simply trudged along like a zombie and sat on the couch, looking like she had lost her soul while not saying a word in protest.

The sight of her irritated Greg. Having no patience for words as he started to feel actual disgust, he snapped, "Since you can't accept Kathy, let's get a divorce."

Quincy's lifeless eyes finally moved then, and she held Greg's gaze. "Her baby isn't yours..."

“Stop slandering her already. She never once badmouthed you, and I was the one who deflowered her. Who could be the father other than me?”

He thought her unreasonable, and it infuriated him whenever she kept standing Kathy.

While he used to think that she was kind and understanding, she was now a despicable green-eyed monster! The very sight of her was irksome!

“The son you raised hit me too, remember? Weren’t you the one who educated him, Quincy?”

Greg was still very much furious that Ian punched him.

As a man who valued his dignity, how was he supposed to hold his head high if word got out that his own son beat him up?

“What? Ian hit you?!” Henry exclaimed in shock.

Greg promptly pointed at Quincy “She talked him into it.”

Quincy was utterly disenchanted then.

She had dedicated her heart and soul to her family, her husband, and her son...only to get this in return?

Rising to her feet, she said, “We should go home, Greg Henry isn’t young. He needs his rest.”

“You’re only realizing this now? What on earth were you thinking?” Greg growled angrily. “You’re the one who brought this matter to him.”

Henry could not bear to listen to any of it, and simply said, “Go home.”

He was too weak and did not have the strength for this

Greg shot Quincy a glare before leaving.

Quincy remained impassive as she followed.

Although they rode in the same car, Greg felt disgusted just being near Quincy and did not hide the annoyance from his face.

Quincy no longer cared, and suddenly said, “Let’s go home and talk things through. Whether you want a divorce or anything else... I’ll agree to it.”

Greg was actually pleased that she was being agreeable just then, and drove straight home.

After he parked the car in the courtyard, he alighted without a care, heading inside right away without so much as a look at Quincy’s way.

Quincy stood beside the car for a while, watching Greg with a look of conflict.

Soon, it was gone and replaced by calmness.

She had come to understand that Greg only felt disgust towards her now.

There was nothing for her to get sentimental about.

As she entered the living room, she picked up the knife left on a fruit plate and stabbed it squarely on Greg's back!

Chapter 330

Greg was caught completely off guard!

However, he simply felt a stabbing pain over his back and did not know what was actually happening.

Wheeling on Quincy, he was ready to lash out at her when he saw the knife in her hand.

His pupils dilated as he shrieked, "You bitch!"

He promptly made a grab for a hand, but she simply pulled back and eluded his grasp.

She was already on a warpath. There was no warmth in her eyes, only murderous spite.

She could not tolerate betrayal of such a degree in the first place anyway!

Thus, she did not hesitate to stab him squarely in the chest then!

"Greg, I've been asking myself many questions, but it turns out that I never betrayed you. But what do I get from you now? Hmm?"

Blood was gushing out of Greg's wounds, instantly dyeing his shirt red. Greg had no strength to retaliate at all, and could only glare at Quincy in anguish.

"You heinous bitch..."

"I'm heinous?" Quincy laughed coolly. "You did this to me!"

Greg suddenly seized her neck with both hands, but he was already drained of any strength.

Quincy knew he could not do a thing, and remained utterly calm, even laughing as she watched him with eyes cold and indifferent. "Even if I die, you're definitely coming with me."

She knew that there was no going back after things had come to this.

"I've never been abused or humiliated by anyone before, but some young bitch did that to me today, all because of you."

"Fuck you," Greg breathed, his face now devoid of color while his vision darkened from blood loss.

Quincy briskly pulled the knife out just then, and blood gushed even quicker out from his chest wound, soon leaving a large puddle on the floor while Greg dropped limply on it with a dull thud.

Remaining impassive, Quincy took out a tissue to wipe the blood on the knife, and then left the house, making sure to lock the door behind her..

She then drove to Greg and Kathy's love nest.

Kathy was lounging on the couch, dressed in comfortable clothes, snacking on slices of fruit while watching TV.

Ding-dong-

The doorbell suddenly rang.

She stayed on the couch and asked loudly, "Who is it?"

There was no response.

Ding-dong-

Grapherna

The doorbell kept ringing.

Annoyed, she finally got up and looked through the peephole, and saw that it was Quincy.

Although she was puzzled as to why Quincy would come, the thought of Greg's backing made her fearless.

She opened the door right then, folding her arms before her chest and asking loftily. "What are you doing here? To beg for mercy? Well, I'm sorry to say that I'm fresh cut of that. Also, I don't like seeing you here, and you'd better not show up again or I'll ask Greg to buy me a mansion."

Quincy smiled. "I don't think he can now."

While Kathy noticed that Quincy was much colder than before, she sensed no danger, and acted composed as she reared her chin at Quincy. "Oh, but he will, and he'll divorce you soon too, and kick a hag to the curb-*

Before she finished, however, she spotted the knife Quincy was holding behind her back.

Her eyes widened in shock.

She quickly turned to run, but Quincy strode forward and grabbed her by the hair, laughing coldly as she

did.

"Why are you running? Hmm?!"

Then, as she leaned in so that her face was beside Kathy's ear, Quincy could clearly feel her trembling. and her smile broadened with horrific bloodlust.

"Oh, it pleases me so much to see you shudder like this."

As she spoke, she held her knife against her belly—one firm press and it would tear through skin.

Kathy was almost hysterical from terror. "Y-You wouldn't dare! This is a crime! You'll go to prison-"

Kathy did not even finish when Quincy raised her knife, poising it as if responding to Kathy's claims that she 'wouldn't dare'...